

OLDEST ENGINEER.

ALLEN STUDWELL HALE AND HEARTY
AT NINETY-TWO YEARS.

He Hopes to Last Till 1900, When, He Says, He Will Have Seen Two Centuries Close and a Third Begin—Deafness His Only Infirmary.

(Special Correspondence.)
BEDFORD, N. Y., Feb. 16.—Allen Studwell, who resides in this place, is believed to be the oldest engineer in the world. He celebrated his ninety-second birthday on the 21st of October last. It is a favorite expression with him that if he lives till 1900 he will have seen two centuries end and a third one begin. It is quite possible that he may round up the century and begin another one for he is hale and hearty, and physically able to still follow his profession were it not that for two years he has been so deaf that he could not hear the signal bells. He takes a long walk every day, and has worked during the past season every day on the farm with the laborers, mowing, raking hay, binding grain, digging potatoes, chopping and hauling wood and milking the cows. Last winter he saved five cords of wood.
"Pop Allen," as he is called by all his friends, was born in North Casco, Conn., Oct. 21, 1799. His early life was spent on his father's farm, upon which the old homestead still stands, as old as Allen is. He began to follow the water when he reached his eighteenth year, shipping as deck hand on one of the market sloops running on the route to New York. He left the sloop in 1820 to ship as fireman on the old steamboat Constitution, then running between New York and Albany. He made such a good fireman that in 1827 he became second engineer. Two years later he was raised to the position of chief engineer.



ALLEN STUDWELL.

He remained on the Constitution till 1832. During that year the crack steamboat, Swallow, which was never headed, but showed her heels to rival after rival built expressly to beat her, was launched near the Wallabout.

When the Swallow was put in commission on the Albany route in 1832, Studwell was at the lever. He remained in charge of her engine until she was lost in 1845 by running on a rock near Athens in a snow storm. He was then transferred to the Troy, then running as a day boat between New York and Albany. He remained on the Troy five years, and then took the engine on the New York, a tugboat, for a short time. Commodore Vanderbilt was then building the steamship Prometheus, in looking about for the best engineer in New York harbor, and one that would take the steamship to Chagres river more quickly than any other man, he selected "Pop Allen." It was in 1850 that he went out in her on her first trip. He remained in the noted commodore's employ about three years, and had charge successively of the Star of the West and the Northern Light. In the meantime Studwell had built the tugboat J. D. Scott, and in 1854 he left the steamship service for the towing business. He remained in that line till 1855, when he retired from business.

Studwell was noted well engineer on Vanderbilt's steamships for the care that he took of his men. He never would allow them to be overworked. He was in bad humor when he got to Chagres, on the first trip of the Prometheus, because his men had been ordered to hoist the ashes on deck. On the return trip he asked that the deck hands should be ordered to hoist the ashes. Captain Churchill objected and insisted upon the firemen doing that work. "Pop Allen" thereupon told the captain that if he expected the Prometheus to reach New York by steam he had better order the deck hands to hoist these ashes, for his firemen should not do it. The captain was still obstinate; he would not relent, but ordered the deck hands not to touch the ashes.

Two hours later, however, he gave in, for the steamship was creeping along at a snail's pace. When Captain Churchill ordered the deck hands to take the ropes for hoisting the ashes the steamship sprang ahead at the liveliest gait that she had reached during the voyage, and kept it up till Sandy Hook was sighted. It was this practice of taking such excellent care of his men that stood "Old Pop" in good stead many times. Other engineers were troubled with strikes, but Allen never had any trouble. His men were always sure of good food and regular rest whether Allen got them or not for himself.

While Studwell was engineer on the Swallow there was much talk of the Hudson. Whenever a new steamboat was launched and put on the river she made for a trial of speed with the Swallow. One after another was built for the express purpose of beating her, but none were ever able to catch that fleet steamboat. It was easy to tell when a race was expected, for the old engineer could always be seen before the Swallow started pacing from boiler to boiler, examining the fires carefully. At such times he always held a bunch of cotton waste in his right hand. When the firemen saw "Pop" pacing through the engine room, with the waste in his hand, they knew big time was to be made, and they said to each other, "Old Pop" is going to put the old bird's light in Albany an hour ahead of any other boat." And he always did.

As "Pop Allen" spent fifty-nine years on steamboats and sixty-eight years on the water, all told, he is full of reminiscences and tells many interesting stories of the different methods of running steamboats in those early days. The improvements in machinery since the days of the old Constitution and the Swallow have been numerous and of great importance. The application of the Stevens cutoff to machinery, with the balance valve, has rendered the handling of an engine a very easy task. With the old fashioned single valve it took from three to four men to work an engine. "Pop Allen" always had two firemen assisting him in the early days when making landings. In those days no

gang planks were thrown out for passengers to walk onto the dock. They were landed in the steamboat's yawl. As soon as the passengers stepped on the dock the steamboat was put on her course, while the yawl was hauled in with the windlass. The most thrilling incident of Allen Studwell's career was the loss of the Swallow. The favorite steamer left Albany at 6 p. m. on the 7th of April, 1845. At nearly 9 o'clock the Swallow struck a rock off Athens. Her bow was broken squarely off and ran straight up the rock, and standing at right angles with the hull. If the steamboat had been headed thirty feet farther west the bow would have gone into a dwelling house. Immediately after the shock the water came pouring through the bottom planks. The lower cabin filled in four minutes. Every portion of the boat was shattered.

One passenger, named Huest, of Detroit, jumped overboard with a bag containing \$1,500 in gold. Huest was saved, but the gold went to the bottom and was never recovered. A number of passengers were drowned, and for many years afterward the disaster to the Swallow was a topic of conversation throughout the country. The Rochester and the Express came up shortly after the accident and took off all the passengers that could be reached. There was a thick snowstorm at the time, but it was claimed that the cause of the accident was the absence of the pilot from his post, and it was also charged that he was intoxicated. The old engineer is now looking with his brother at Bedford. He is always in good humor, and is fond of telling and of hearing good stories. Allen Studwell has never been at a discount, and he hopes to reach par before he dies.

H. FOWLER.

GERTRUDE HUTCHINGS.

A California Girl Whose Attainments Are Many, Not to Say Startling.
(Special Correspondence.)

COULTEVILLE, CAL., Feb. 10.—Miss Gertrude Hutchings, who is teaching school at this place, is as magnificent an example of the California girl as could be found from Siskiyou to San Diego.

Her father was one of the earliest of those enthusiasts about the Yosemite who went there to live, and Miss Hutchings—"Cosey" Hutchings she is called by all her friends—has lived nearly the whole of her twenty-two years surrounded by its inspiring scenery.

Almost every summer she and a girl friend, a young woman who is now studying medicine in Philadelphia, go off alone on long expeditions into the mountains. Sometimes they ride and sometimes they walk, taking with them a single pack mule to carry their camp outfit. They wind about through the Sierra mountains, going wherever their fancies take them, sometimes coming across a miner's or a hermit's cabin, sometimes not seeing a human being for a week at a time. Sometimes they follow the trails that thread the mountain passes, and sometimes they strike out for themselves across the mountain sides, where there is no track of man or mule to show the way, relying only on their own good sense and outdoor knowledge to bring them out at the point they wish to reach.

When night comes they find a spring, or a running stream, build a big campfire, hobble their mules and turn them out to feed, get their own supper, and when bed time comes they pile a lot of wood on their blazing fire, wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down on the ground beside it, with their six shooters in reach, and sleep the sleep of healthy, fearless girls.

On one of their expeditions they had been making a long circuit in the mountains and reached Lake Tahoe out of money. They sold the mules they had, been riding and walked home, a hundred miles or more, straight through the mountains—a particularly wild and rough district of the Sierra. They reached the Yosemite with blistered feet. For two days they treated their blisters with strong salt and water and on the second night they went to a party and danced until morning.

Miss Hutchings is a handsome girl, with a shapely figure and a bright, intelligent face. She has modest, attractive manners and a very sweet and womanly disposition.

Just before she began her school term she attended a four days' examination at Mariposa. She finished at 6 in the afternoon. At 7 o'clock she mounted her horse and rode alone through the forests and across the mountains, fifty miles to Coulteville, reaching here at 4 in the morning to begin school that day.

FLORENCE FINCH-KELLY.

Colts P. Huntington.
NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Colts P. Huntington, frequently called Central Pacific Huntington, from the fact that he was one of the builders of that railroad and became very rich thereby, has added so largely to his fortune during the last twelve or fifteen years that he is now supposed to be worth about \$50,000,000. Despite his enormous wealth he has simple tastes, inexpensive habits and is wholly free from ostentation. While neat in his dress he is rather careless, consulting comfort more than style, in which he is a conspicuous exception to the great majority of Wall street men, noted for their fastidious and fashionable attire. As an instance, he has always been opposed to silk hats, so generally adopted in the financial quarter, contenting himself with an amorphous soft felt of uncertain though visibly antique date.

Speaking on this subject one day to a fellow magnate, he said: "I feel that I am well enough off to wear what I like. If I depended on a \$2,000 or \$3,000 clerkship, I suppose I should be obliged to mount a stovepipe."
Plain, practical man, though he is, he has been very lavish since his recent marriage, his second wife, an attractive widow whom he had known in California, being much younger than himself, and naturally caring for luxuries to which he is indifferent. He has lately bought high priced pictures, paying \$35,000 each for some of them, many rare books, fine old china and exquisite bric-a-brac, etc. All these are to adorn the new mansion he has nearly finished at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, in which his wife takes the deepest interest, desiring to make it one of the show houses of the city.

Huntington, having no children of his own, has adopted a son of his present wife and also a daughter, lately married to a German prince, whose debts, reaching a round million, he generously paid off to insure his connubial peace of mind.
The railway utopia is now past seventy, but he is as vigorous and alert as he was at forty, and looks the reverse of aged. He is a fine physical specimen, very tall, broad shouldered, erect and muscular. His simplicity of life has served him in good stead, and he bids fair to be a monetary power for years to come.

D. D.

The first overhead trolley electric street railroad in England is under construction in the suburbs of Leeds by an American company.

GENERAL RALPH P. BUCKLAND.

Remarkable Experience of a Veteran as Journalist, Soldier and Politician.

Ex-President Hayes has a congenial neighbor in his quiet retreat at Fremont, O., in the person of General Ralph P. Buckland, who is a veteran in a double sense. He is an old soldier, and has reached fourscore years.

General Buckland's life story is another of those romances of which there were many in the pioneer days of the middle west. His romance has had a long and pleasant sequel. The Bucklands are a soldierly race, the general's grandfather having served as a captain in the Revolution and his father as a volunteer under Hull in the war of 1812.

Like many notable men of the past, General Buckland had a rough time in getting on his feet as a youth. He worked on a farm, in a mill, in a store, as a river deckhand, or at whatever turned up, meanwhile studying to become somebody. He was admitted to the bar in 1839 and wrote editorials for the Toledo Blade. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated Taylor and a member of the first Republican legislature in Ohio.

When the war broke out the lawyer and legislator put aside his briefs and honors and became colonel of the Seventy-second Ohio volunteers. He soon joined Sherman's forces, and at Shiloh led one of his brigades. In the Vicksburg campaign he also led a brigade and afterward became commander of the military district of Memphis. In the latter position he acquitted himself notably when the Confederate General Forrest surprised and raided that city one Sunday morning in 1864.

Forrest dashed in with mounted raiders, and apparently had things his own way. But General Buckland rallied his guards and reserves, and the last stage of the bold raider's career in Memphis was a desperate fight for life and liberty. The getting out was harder than the getting in.

After the war General Buckland served in congress, and was one of the delegates that nominated Hayes. The general and the ex-president are very near neighbors in Fremont, and as veterans fraternize and fight their battles over with the aid of war books, papers and magazines.

General Buckland was born Jan. 20, 1812, and is now in his eighty-first year.

Fame Without Fortune.

The civil list pensions in England are under the control of the first lord of the treasury. It has long been customary to place upon this list for small amounts the names of those literary workers who have achieved fame without accumulating fortune. It will be recalled that good Dr. Samuel Johnson considered himself fortunate in securing a small pension, and this at a time when he was the foremost literary man of his day. The reward for literary work that secures a wide recognition is now great enough to enable a successful writer generally to lay by something against the time when old age comes. But sometimes with writers, as with those in kindred professions, the compensation received is not sufficient to do this even when one is considered to have been successful.

The most recent case of this kind is that of Mrs. Riddell, the author of such successful books as "George Greith of Ten Court," "City and Suburb," "Too Much Alone," "Far Above Rubies" and many others. It appears that Mrs. Riddell has had a large family to support and has an income not exceeding \$1,200 a year, and that for her novels she received only about \$1,800 each. Now at the age of fifty-nine she finds her powers of production impaired and has appealed to the state. The first lord of the treasury has approved the appeal and recommends that a pension be granted.

In Honor of Columbus.

The plans for the Columbus Memorial building, on the southwest corner of State and Washington streets, in Chicago, have been decided upon. The structure will be fourteen stories in height and cover a space 90 by 100 feet. It will be built of steel, faced with terra



COLUMBUS MEMORIAL BUILDING.
cotta. Between the two large stores on the ground floor will be an open entrance twelve feet under, leading to the suites of offices on the floors above the first. Over this entrance there will be a colossal figure of Columbus. The halls will be ornamented with memorial tablets of bronze and glass mosaics representing the landing of the great navigator and his presentation at the court of Isabella. Surmounting the building will be a tower 240 feet high. On top of the tower will be a globe of opalescent glass marked with the continents in different colors and illuminated by an electric light of 3,000 candle power.

"DESERVING POOR."

Dives and I on crowded street
An aged beggar chanced to meet;
Dives passed by with sterile frown,
And said, to argue conscience down,
"I treat all such with rule unswerving,
How can one know when they're deserving?"

"You're right," I cried, with nodding head
(I toll for Dives for my bread);
But since the mind is heaven born,
And earthly fetters hold in scorn,
I thought, "That wretch and many more
Starve through those words, 'Deserving poor.'"

And then, because I haply knew
How Dives rich and richer grew,
I sneered (in thought), "Such careful alma,
Such nice, discriminating qualms,
Should be observed in rule unswerving
But by the rich who are deserving."
—George Horton in Century.

True Gentlewomen.

When a working girl allows the faithful performance of her work to fall behind her devotion to dress she has used the first coupon on her ticket to destruction. The hand of Providence may interpose before the brakeman calls the last station, but nothing short of such intervention can save her. If you must come to this big city to earn your living seek first the companionship of Christian people. By Christian people I do not mean church members necessarily, but all such as have lofty standards and strive to live up to them. Earnest, clean hearted, pure lived people are the best Christian people and make the best comrades. Never be ashamed to stand for your principles.

If you have been brought up to say your prayers before retiring do not be turned from the practice by the laughter of fools. Be as brave as the little hero in "Tom Brown's School days," who dared to stand by his colors in the face of a swarm of tormenting boys. Be courteous always; a gentleman can always be detected under shabby clothes, and a lady through the stress of ever so grewsome poverty by the well bred affability of their manners. The shop girl who cultivates a languid and indifferent style of deportment would never be a lady of the right stamp although you hang every hair of her head with diamonds.—Chicago Herald.

Nations Once Great.

From old writings many curious facts are obtained. Among other things it would seem that Corea, today more dead than alive, was at one time a formidable power, military and naval; that the Japanese at long intervals changed from peaceable neighbors into marauders and freebooters worthy of Sir Walter Raleigh, Frobenius and Drake; that Manipur, Assam, Burmah and Tonquin at various epochs were strong belligerent communities in the far east; that Cambodia and Cochina China were populous, rich and civilized nations, where now the tiger prowls and the serpent glides; that the island of Ceylon was the scene of brilliant and brave dynasties, which followed one another like the waves on the shore, and at times the Tartar nomads who live to the north, northwest and west of Asia were gathered into great armies and nations by unknown Tamerlanes and Zenghis Khans.—Philadelphia Times.

Reciting the Liturgy.

When Prince George of Wales took command of the gunboat Thrush he also took upon himself the usual duty of conducting the religious service on the vessel on Sunday mornings. Everything went on well apparently, but at the end of about four weeks some one suggested to the prince that he was not reciting the liturgy according to Cranmer, although the ship's company was highly flattered by his rendering. He had been reciting fervently and humbly, "We have done those things that we ought to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought not to have done," and the crew had been accepting his statement of the case and feeling good.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Simplify.

Simplify! That is the secret. Simplify in household service and elucidate the domestic problem. Simplify in food, and solve the servant problem. Simplify in weddings, and re-establish the old fashioned practice of marrying and giving in marriage. Simplify in what you eat, and banish dyspepsia. Simplify in protection, and avert colds. Bang out your double windows, uncoil your steam pipes, and go back to airy houses and open fireplaces, and bid farewell forever to contagious diseases.—Chicago Herald.

Blessings Easily Bestowed.

To read to the dear ones who are weak or ill, to the sufferers in hospitals and to aid those whose eyes are failing as the long shadows of life's afternoon cloud their brightness—these are blessings which we can easily bestow and by which we are ourselves enriched.—Harper's Bazar.

Ready for the Fray.

"I see you obey military orders," he said as he looked admiringly at her delicate cheek.
"What do you mean?" she asked, wondering.
"You keep your powder dry," he answered with sublime audacity.—Detroit Free Press.

Apple seeds are used in the manufacture of prussic acid. A Vermont farmer picks them from his cider press and sells them to a chemist. Out of 140 bushels of apples he gets about one bushel of seeds.

In the manufacture of agricultural implements, it is estimated that new machinery in the last fifteen or twenty years has displaced fully 50 per cent. of muscular labor formerly employed.

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A little girl whose attention was called to the fact that she had forgotten to say grace before beginning her meal shut her eyes meekly and said, "Excuse me, Amen."

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